



"SUMMER NEWS, SMILE TO 'T'!"

THE PILOTS' STRIKE.

[Being an awful allegory, based on Lord ROSEBURY's suggestion that the Peers should adjourn for two or three months from the beginning of July, and keep the Bills sent up by the Lower House waiting till they, the Peers, chose to reassemble.]

It was the screw *John Bullivar*
That thrashed the summer sea;
Her cargo creaked, her timbers leaked,
Her list was one in three:
She had loaded up in the Cecily Isles,
And her Skipper was ARTHUR B.

Now ARTHUR B. he spake to his crew,
Including Bosun JOE:—
"There's many an eel has missed his meal
Where we were meant to go;
We were never to touch dry land again,
And here we are, what ho!

"Yonder the haven under the hill
Calls to the homing tar;
A few brief rolls and in she bowls
Over the harbour-bar;
And then good-bye—till the next turn comes—
To the screw *John Bullivar*.

"I see the Pilot trim his sails
To catch the evening light,
Foul luck or fair he'll land us there
Against the wharf to-night—
Us and our freight of precious bills
Lashed to the quayside tight.

"And it's oh! for the tramp by heath and moor,
And the sport by burn and beck,
For the fozzled putt and the lie in the rut
And the suit of home-spun check!"
A tear escaped from the Captain's eye,
And trickled down the deck.

The Pilot's boat came heaving-to,
And the sailors "Aho!" cried they,
But a voice rang back from the gibing smack,
"No Pilots for you to-day!
Not if you whistled along the coast
For fifty mile each way.

"Last month they found the sun too hot
For fooling about the shore,
So they went on strike, and they'll stay belike
A matter of two months more!"
The Skipper he used a strange sea-oath
He had never employed before.

But JOE the Bosun he laughed aloud,
And "Pilots be hanged!" says he;
"Year in, year out, I've knocked about
A bit on the open sea,
And there's never a turn of wind or tide
That comes amiss to me.

"I set no store by the truck we've shipped
In this here freight," says JOE;
"I'd leave the lot to lie and rot
Down in the bilge below;
I'd out with the boats and off to land,
And let the old hulk go!"

* * * * *
How Bosun JOE he went and struck
A smart Colonial line,

And did a trip in a brand-new ship
They called the *Zollverein*,
And ended his days as Commodore---
Is another's yarn, not mine.

But this was the last of the Pilot race
That ran the harbour-bar,
That went their ways in the dull dog-days
And left *John Bullivar*
To founder at sea with ARTHUR B.
Spliced to a sinking spar. O. S.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL ARTICLES.

No. II.—CHARACTER IN NAMES.

NOTHING is so unalterable as the character that accompanies a Christian name. Deductions from Christian names are absolutely safe. They have all the finality of the axioms of Christian science. For instance, have you ever known an OLIVER who was not interested in lightning conductors, an ALMA who was not artistic, or a SIDNEY who did not oppose the Baconian heresy?

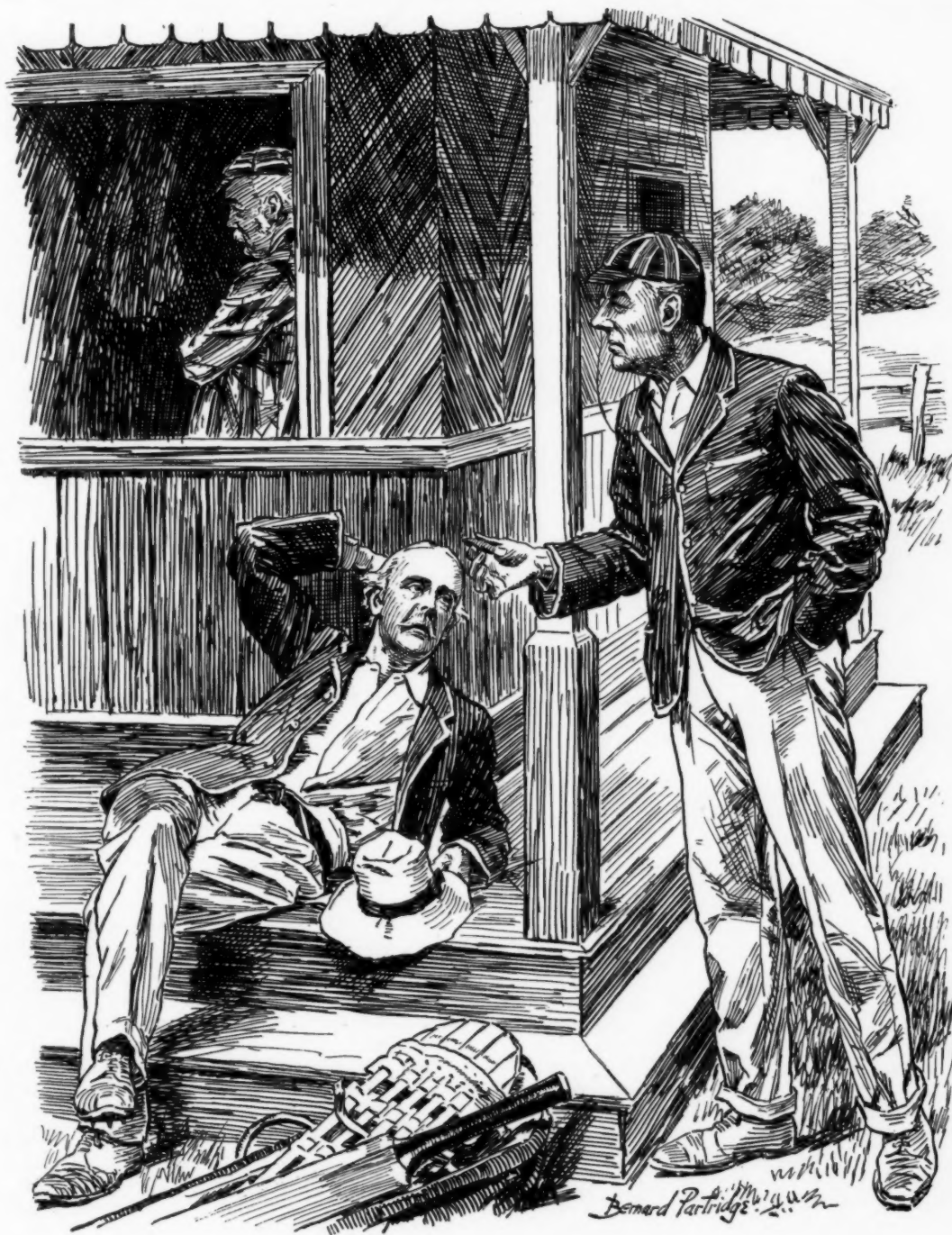
Names ending in *zw* always denote selfishness. Names ending in *thu* are to be avoided: their owners are treacherous. Beware of names beginning in *Yp*. No woman over seven feet high was ever called BIRDIE. Women named GEORGE write novels. A baby named JABEZ ELIJAH AHAUERUS, if always called by its full name, will not grow up. A cat if called BEETHOVEN is sure to indulge in moonlight sonatas.

JOSEPH is ambitious and shrewd. HUGH is opinionated and talks too much. WINSTON shares these peculiarities. LLOYD is argumentative. JESSE is bovine, and runs to side-whiskers. Show me a WILFRID and I will show you a teetotaller. ARTHUR might be less willowy. GERALD is academic. GEORGE is eloquent and epigrammatic. JOHN is sturdy and persistent. GIBSON is importunate and impertinent. TIM is vitriolic.

Literary men, who study these things, will bear out what I say. Ask them if they ever knew an ANDREW who was not bookish, an ANTHONY who was not witty, a MARIE who was vain? They will tell you that MAURICE is romantic, JEROME facetious, MACGREGOR undersized. Produce a RUDYARD, and you will see omniscience. CONAN is interested in crime. ALGERNON composes ballads before breakfast. THEODORE is critical. WILLIAM by itself is *capable de tout*: allied to ERNEST it thunders; allied to SCHWENCK it jokes; allied to ROBERTSON it resists the payment of rates.

Nicknames are equally consistent in their connotations. A boy called "Trotters" has large feet. No boy with a snub nose was ever called "Hookey." Have you ever seen a brunette known as "Ginger"? Boys and girls who are called "Carrots" have red hair always.

PASTOR AND THE PIPE.—The Bishop of BRISTOL has publicly said that "the idea of ladies smoking is horrid." He must have been thinking of the "naughty little girl with the curl in the middle of her forid" and a cigarette between her lips. The Bishop added that he "was glad he was no longer a young man looking after a wife." Looking after a wife! This is so indefinite that some ribald person might be tempted to ask "Whose wife?" Of course this was very far from his Reverend Lordship's meaning, but, as the distinguished Italian interpreter of SALVINI's speech explained to the *convives*, "That is what he say," or at all events that is what he is journalistically reported to have said. His Lordship must accustom himself to take a Bristol bird's-eye view round about, and he will see—but mum—their fair fingers to their lips, with cigarettes atween them.



DURING THE INTERVAL.

RIGHT HON. J. CHAMBERLAIN. "I SAY, ARTHUR, DON'T YOU THINK WE MIGHT DECLARE OUR INNINGS CLOSED NOW?"

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR Balfour. "OH, FIELDING'S SUCH A BORE. LET'S LOSE A FEW MORE WICKETS FIRST!"

["It is rumoured that Mr. Chamberlain is in favour of an early dissolution."—Daily Paper.]



THE DIGGINGS.

PHYLLIS was very indignant. She had particularly wished to have a long morning for a certain expedition, connected, as I imagine, with millinery, but had been delayed by the eccentric behaviour of the omnibus in which she had attempted to reach the scene of action.

"It didn't go there at all," she began.

I apologised for the erring vehicle.

"Some of them don't," I said. "They aren't all meant to."

"Oh, but this was a green one," she insisted. "I know it ought to go there, because I've been in it before."

"Where did it go then?" I asked.

PHYLLIS has not the bump of locality.

"I don't know where it went exactly. It took me through all sorts of funny little streets, and finally went round and round in circles. I don't think it knew where it was going itself, and when it did get into Oxford Street at last, it was a long way beyond where I wanted to go to, and I had to walk all the way back."

"Oxford Street is up, isn't it?" I suggested. "So it wasn't the fault of the omnibus."

"But I don't see," she said, "what they want to go and dig it up for at this time of year."

"I don't think the time of year matters," I answered. "Oxford Street is so much virgin soil, always in season for the spade."

"Who is it who digs?" she asked.

"Anyone, I believe," I returned.

"That is to say, anyone who can get a little bit of railing and a lantern. You put the railing down in the middle of the road and hang the lantern on it, and you can dig anywhere."

PHYLLIS was sceptical of this, and suggested police interference.

"Oh, no," I assured her, "not when they see you've got your railing and your lantern. Then they know that you are authorised, and that it is their duty to protect you, and they divert the traffic into the nearest blind alley."

"Yes, they did that to my omnibus," she agreed. "But can you go and dig wherever you like at random . . . like potatoes?"

"You can really," I said. "Of course you don't say so. You say you are putting down asphalt or pulling up a tube or something. Gas, water, electricity, drains—you can dig up almost anything in London. It doesn't matter what you dig for, so long as you dig."

PHYLLIS shook her head, so I continued:

"You needn't even dig unless you like. You can put your bit of railing



Gushing Young Lady (to Mr. Dunk, who has just returned from Rome). "THEY SAY, MR. DUNK, THAT WHEN ONE SETS FOOT IN ROME FOR THE FIRST TIME, ONE EXPERIENCES A PROFOUND FEELING OF AWE. THE CHAOS OF RUINED GRANDEUR, THE MAGNIFICENT ASSOCIATIONS, SEEM TOO MUCH FOR ONE TO GRASP. TELL ME, OH TELL ME, MR. DUNK, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF IT ALL?"
Mr. Dunk (deliberately, after considering awhile). "VERY NICE!"

and your lantern down and leave them. The effect will be just the same as if you had made a large hole. I believe if you went away for a week's holiday you would find your railing there when you came back, and the policeman religiously diverting the traffic into the blind alley. I am sure that some of the bits of railing that one sees about are accidental. Probably the man who put them there went away and forgot about them, and they have very likely been diverting the traffic for months without anyone being the wiser. And—"

At this point PHYLLIS interrupted me. "You exaggerate so," she said, "but I think some of it is true, and anyhow it is very silly to dig the streets up so often, and it's very expensive and very wrong."

"That may be," I conceded, "but you can't have an official joke for nothing."

"An official joke?" she murmured.

"Well, it may be unconscious," I

explained, "and it certainly isn't original, but it does at least divert the traffic."

A ROUNDEL OF JULIA JOURNEYING.

WHEN JULIA motes, with keen delight

Divinely in her car she floats;

She vies with swallows in their flight

When JULIA motes.

Yet no "tempestuous petticoats"

Half show, half hide her ankles slight,

Upon whose grace her lover dotes;

Ulstered and muffled like a fright

Her hideous disguise he notes,

And shudders at the uncouth sight

When JULIA motes.

OUR Mournful Philosopher, after reading the recent opinions of Lord KELVIN, Professor RAY-LANKESTER and others as to the "creative power," has come to the conclusion that "the eternal problem of the universe" is—no end of a cell.

OPERA NOTES.

Saturday, May 23, and Thursday, May 28.—Il Barbiere di Siviglia. Vivat ROSSINI! Where's your Wandering WAGNER now? Here's the classic comedy set to sweetest music, not a dull minute in the whole score, with an occasional dear old-fashioned recitative or "speaking through music," just "giving us pause" between the melodies, and then "on we goes again!" The cast excellent. Performance quite up to promise. As *Rosina* Fräulein WEDEKIND was in every way charming: her high notes clear as a bell, always tuneful, but she dwells too long in these airy heights, so that her audience become as nervous as they would be when watching some new and over-bold acrobat poised a-tiptoe in air on invisible wire. Fräulein WEDEKIND, alighting safely after her wonderful aerial venture, is of course received with tumultuous applause, every one heartily congratulating the accomplished little lady on her return to *terra firma*. In the lesson scene she sang admirably "a little thing of THAUBERT'S" entitled "*Ich muss nun einmal singen*." This was enthusiastically encored, and the encore was taken in the same spirit in which it was offered. "So 'veddy kind' of her!" says the unabashed WAGSTAFF. Signor BOSCI was, in acting and appearance, very nearly a first-class *Count Almaviva* with a patent of nobility; his singing, however, leaving nothing to be desired. That clever French artist, M. GILBERT, would have contented our hearts as *Dr. Bartolo* had he not made up his face rather in imitation of the Christmas pantaloons (admittedly the very ancient original of this *genus* of character) than of the real *Dr. Bartolo*. And, by the way—this in their "ears polite"—why turn so much of this genuine comic opera into mere farcical clowning? However venerable the traditions may be, they should not be slavishly followed, as undoubtedly they are not worth preserving, save as *written stage directions*, archaically interesting. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER'S *Bertha*, a small part for a little woman but great *artiste*, of course excellent; and M. JOURNET'S *Basilio*, "funny without being vulgar," is a dish served up with over-Italianised burlesque flavouring which, as a Frenchman, M. JOURNET may deem essential for the part. He sang "*la calunnia*" as well as he acted it. Mr. HAMILTON EARLE a trifle stiff as *Fiorello*; neither he nor in this case Signor BOSCI levelling themselves up to the delightful humour of that scene with the over-poweringly grateful chorus. The *Figaro* of Signor PINI CORSI is just within an ace of perfection. Could he but caper lightly to his own music, and could he, in his great song, convey the idea that he was not trying to be light-hearted and light-heeled after a heavy luncheon, there would not be one single fault to find with Signor PINI CORSI's most amusing, sly, chattering and pattering, but not capering, barber. This opera has rarely been seen to greater advantage than with its present excellent cast at Covent Garden.

Tuesday, May 26.—WAGNER with a Wengeance. Wagnerites in their thousands to hear *Tristan*. "*Tristan*," quoth Mr. WAGSTAFF, "is ever young; but unfortunately his lady—*Isolde*." WAGGY, being rebuked, subsides. Their Gracious MAJESTIES present, also the Grand Duke MICHAEL. Herr LOHSE doing his best to out-Richter RICHTER. TERNINA as *Isolde* admirable, vocally and dramatically, and VAN DYCK as *Tristan* quite up to his very best form; they were recalled over and over again. Once more WAGNER Victorious, happy and glorious; but no matter, he shall not triumph long, as next Thursday comes the *Barber* with his airs.

Wednesday, May 27.—Royal Box occupied at Epsom, and for a wonder La Favorita is not played at the Opera. Faust, however, is still a favourite in the betting, or at least with the better parts of House on Rock Sand's fête day.

"All winners." *Marguerite*, Mme. BOLSKA, in good voice, and PLANCON, as *Mephistopheles*, quite the "*bon diable*." SALIGNAC good but not great as *Faust*, and SEVEILHAC strong as *Valentine*, coming out stronger than ever when getting his last chance in the "death scene." Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as *Marthe* and as usual—which sounds as if she were doubling a part,—excellent. Mme. SCHEFF a delightful *Siebel*, and MANCINELLI the Mirthful conducting in his very best form.

PASSIVE ANARCHY;

Or, MORE "PECULIAR PEOPLE."

It was St. Lubbock's Holiday, and eke the First of June—I asked myself how shall I best employ this glorious boon.

I meditated long how not to waste the precious hours; I am so conscientious that I found it taxed my pow'r's!

I do not like the strenuous life, excursions I abhor, Museums, shows, and pushing crowds I think a deadly bore.

And then there came into my ears a lingering refrain—"Twas wafted me from ev'rywhere, the nonconformist strain.

Just "passively resist," it said, whatever does not suit Your inclination, creed or purse—your right is absolute!

"How true!" I cried impulsively, "I never thought of that!"

But now to all unfair demands my answer will be pat!

I am a free-born Englishman, and may not be coerced; Of Britain's Passive Anarchists I hope to be the first!

I'll not conform to brutal law—the same which is an ass! Tax-gath'ers and police and such I hold to be "no class."

The rate-collector calls this week—I'll make him no remark, Since now I've settled what to do—assemble in Hyde Park!

There are so many things to which I'm strongly disinclined—I think I'll simply camp out there and daily speak my mind!

So, if you see a passive form reclining on the sword, 'Tis no benighted dosser-out that can no bed afford.

'Tis I, determined (till moved on) to spend this Whitsuntide In passively resisting all the laws I can't abide!

FASHIONS FOR DOGS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have just seen the sweetest thing in motor-goggles for the doggies. They fit closely to the eyes and ears, and are tied with blue ribbon. Lady MERCEDES KERN'S *Pip-pip* was wearing a pair in the Park the other day. The effect was decidedly bizarre and pleasing. Seal motor-coats for Skyes are becoming quite the rage, while I notice that for Pomeranians sable is rather fashionable.

For the forthcoming hot (we hope) weather a dainty invention comes from Paris. This is nothing less than a parasol which can be attached to your favourite's collar and so obviate any risk of sunstroke. This little article should have a ready sale, as most will wish to avoid the unhappy *contretemps* which befell the Duchess of HOUNSLOW, whose poodle fainted suddenly on Church Parade the third Sunday in June last year. I hear rumours that a patchouli respirator for our pets will shortly be put on the market, but I give this with all reserve. FIDELIA.

THE Employment of Children Bill will, it is expected, pass through all its stages with exception of the theatre stage.

CHARIVARIA.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR continues to interest himself in the establishment of a Rotten Row in Berlin. The Social Democrats want to know why the *Siegessallee* is not sufficient.

The French Chamber of Deputies is still going strong. A M. DE DION was asked by the President to respect the dignity of the Chamber. At this a M. BINDER cried out, "Don't talk about dignity; there is no dignity in the Chamber." Thereupon a M. CHAUVIERE got up to argue that there *was* dignity in the Chamber; and said, "M. BINDER, you are a liar and a cad."

The *Daily Mail* recently contained an important political pronouncement by Mr. LOUIS SINCLAIR, M.P. Asked for his views on the Colonial Minister's tariff proposals, Mr. SINCLAIR replied: "Sir,—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's scheme should have most earnest consideration.—L. SINCLAIR."

It appears that Lord ROSEBURY is not actually in favour of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Zollverein scheme, but of a similar one. Suggested motto for his Lordship:—The fence not Defiance.

It is not always easy to trace responsibility, but a contemporary published a letter last week signed, "The Author of the Ruin of Rural England."

Two orang-outangs and a chimpanzee, we learn from a cable, partook of an eight-course dinner in the New York Zoo last week. We presume this is another of the series of banquets by millionaires, of which we are constantly reading. But why do they take these quaint names?

It has been stated by the City Guardians that a pauper now costs ninepence a day. If these high prices continue we may have to dispense with the luxury altogether.

Mr. BRODRICK's remark on first hearing of a recent Scandal is said to have been, "Blank it!"

It used to be said that if you scratched a Russian you found a Tartar. Even this preliminary is no longer necessary. In the attack upon the Jews at Kischineff no orthodox Russian seems to have received even a surface wound.

The Proprietors of the "*Daily News*" (discussing the Derby, in the manner of Mr. BALFOUR's reference to the Hyde Park Demonstration). At Epsom, wasn't it?



NICE NEPHEW!

Tommy. "TALKING OF RIDDLES, UNCLE, DO YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN APPLE AND AN ELEPHANT?"

Uncle (benignly). "NO, MY LAD, I DON'T."

Tommy. "YOU'D BE A SMART CHAP TO SEND OUT TO BUY APPLES, WOULDN'T YOU?"

THE GREAT MISUNDERSTOOD.

"Some of these men just come from England to 'hire out' with the Ontario farmers have brought with them cricket and rowing outfits, golf clubs and tennis rackets. And the farmer stares at the new hired man, and the new hired man stares at the farmer."—*Glencoe Transcript (Ontario, Canada).*

The two farmers pulled up their respective teams.

"Hullo, BILL."

"'Llo, SAM."

"I hear yeh've got a gentleman farmer workin' for yeh."

"Yep."

"Where did yeh get him?"

"He was shunted off down at the station t'other night. Has big mild eyes, so I thought I'd bring him home fer the children to play with."

"D'yer think yeh can keep him tame?"

"Sure I can. He eats out of my hand already."

"Yeh don't say. Is he an H-dropper or an A-flattener?"

"O, he's the real thing all right. Wears the cutest little knee panties when he goes out walking on Sundays."

"Go on. Is he the son of a belted knight or has he come from a country vicarage—the youngest of seven-teen?"

"I don't know. He hasn't uncorked yet."

"Well, have you taken him around the farm and introduced him to the cows and horses?"

"What for?"

"Why, if he's a trueborn Englishman he'll not even speak to your collier pup without first having a formal introduction."

"I ought to have known that, but I forgot. I'll see that he gets a right knockdown this afternoon."

"What's he doin' fer yeh to-day?"

"I set him to siftin' seed corn with his tennis racket."

"That's a good idea, and say, you'll find them steel-headed shinny clubs fine for keeping the coulter clean when yeh're plowin' in weeds. But I must be goin' now. Geddup!"

"So long, SAM."

"So long, BILL. Don't fail to let him see that we've imperial ideas over here, and that no one man can be the whole bloomin' empire."

"O, I'll tend to his case, don't you fret. So long." C. A. NUCK.

Mother. Well, DOROTHY, would you like your egg poached or boiled?

Dorothy (after weighing the question). Which is the most, Mother?

THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

"No, Sir," said PETTIFER firmly, "when they bring in a law converting every town in the kingdom with more than one house in it into a garrison town, the problem of how to get and how to keep domestic servants will be solved. But not till then. No, Sir."

TUDWAY, who, I had noticed, was looking uncommonly depressed, groaned heavily.

"I too have suffered," he said bitterly. "Yet there was a time when I flattered myself that I had solved the problem. It was a book that gave me the idea. To this day I have grave doubts as to whether I ought to have read that book. You see, the *Daily Express* called it an undoubted work of genius, but then the *Daily Mail* said that it was a mere-tricious tissue of nonsense, which had no value either as literature or as a human document. I took what I own was rather a bold step. I read the book with a view to forming an opinion on my own account."

"TUDWAY!" said PETTIFER in a scandalised voice.

"Yes, yes, I know," went on TUDWAY hurriedly. "But, of course, I shouldn't often do that sort of thing. But I did on this occasion; and, as I was reading, a paragraph caught my eye which seemed to me to offer a complete solution of the servant difficulty. The writer (a lady) observed: 'I have gained much of my strength and gracefulness of body from scrubbing the kitchen floor, to say nothing of some fine points of philosophy. It brings a certain energy to one's body and one's brain.' Now, I don't know if you grasp the profound import of those words, but to me it was obvious. Once promulgate the idea, thought I, that the work of a domestic servant makes for beauty, and the world will become one vast Registry Office. Our servants will not ask for wages. All that they will stipulate for will be a good kitchen floor. They will not want a day out. They will beg as a privilege to be allowed to stay in and scrub. In a few years we shall be selling vacancies in our domestic staff to the highest bidders. I tell you, the thought inspired me. I gave the thing a trial. For a whole month I stuck to it in spite of acute housemaid's knee, which even now causes me no small agony. How I worked! It was a theme for a poet. And, talking of poets—er—curiously enough, I myself—. A mere impromptu fragment, you understand. Thrown off on the spur of the moment. I call it 'Culture.' It's rather good," he added modestly. And before we could stop him he had begun to read:—

"Oh, I wanted to be an Apollo,
A model of beauty and grace.
I sighed for a supple figure,
I longed for a handsome face.
I wished to be tall as a Horseguard Blue,
And broad as a large-sized door.
So I called for a duster, bought a pail,
And I scrubbed at the kitchen floor."

"I wanted to rival Plato.
I sighed for a mighty brain.
I yearned to be wiser than BACON
(Say half as wise again).
To be rich in beautiful, wonderful thoughts,
(At present I'm rather poor);
So I tucked my sleeves up, doffed my coat,
And scrubbed at the kitchen floor."

"Well, then," I said, as he coughed preparatory to beginning the third verse, "but surely what you ought to do is to publish your photograph with the advertisement. 'Result of a month under our Treatment. The Apollo of Grace and the Plato of Wisdom. Look at ME. I tried it.' That sort of thing, you know. What some people want is some ocular proof of the merits of your system. Why don't you publish a photograph, TUDWAY?"

"The photograph you describe," replied TUDWAY, with pronounced gloom, "has already appeared in the daily papers."

"Ah! And the result?" PETTIFER's tones were not sanguine.

"I have advertised in this way daily during the last five weeks for three servants," replied TUDWAY, "and I am still short of that number by a matter of one cook and two housemaids."

THE NEW EXCELSIOR.

(By an Old Fogey.)

WHEN first our infant eyes surveyed
The wonders of the world,
With rattles or a drum we played,
In cradles closely curled;
But as we scaled the peaks of life
(With sundry halts and drops)
Ambition chose a pocket-knife,
And turned to hoops and tops.

In College days, when lordly down
The cheek began to tint,
On cinder-paths we sought renown,
And revelled in a sprint;
Or football made the pulses throb,
Or, rapturous of cricket,
We learned to smite the subtlest lob,
And take the soundest wicket.

But now, when years have dulled our fire,
And Autumn rings its knell;
When muscles seem too apt to tire,
And waists too apt to swell;
When youngsters reckon us as "past,"
And whisper ribald names,
Behold us qualified at last
For Golf, the King of Games!

QUEER CALLINGS.

VII.—THE RECTIFIER.

"How my money was made," said the Millionaire, "will not bear telling. Suffice it to say that we came over with the Lombards. But once it came into my hands I determined to apply it well, and, if possible, atone for my ancestors' sharp practice."

"And how have you gone about it?" we asked. "Free Libraries, of course?"

"No," he said. "My plans are on quite different lines. I believe in doing good not so much by conferring benefits as by removing abuses. For instance, advertisements. None of us like to see green fields babbling of pills. We grumble about it to one another, a few letters are printed in the outer sheets of papers with limited circulations, and the advertisements go on. I, on the contrary, take action. The farmers along the lines get so much a year for every pill-board that is erected in their fields. I propose to give them so much more to keep the boards out."

"And à propos of railways, I am adopting a similar method of beneficent bribery with a view of preventing innocent foreigners from confusing the names of stations with those of patent medicines. Here there is at least a reasonable prospect of success."

"But one cannot always attain one's ends. For example, I subsidised one hundred players of barrel-organs to enable them to return to their native Italy. Would you believe it, they all turned up three months later as ice-cream vendors, artists' models and operatic chorus singers. Once more I paid their passages back to the sunny south, and once more they returned, this time in the guise of wireless telegraphers."

"Then I tried to get the newspapers to combine to keep Lord ROSEBERRY's name out of their columns, feeling certain that when he ceased to be talked about he would begin to do something; but they refused my terms. A fluent ROSEBERRY is as good as a gigantic gooseberry to them all the year round, and cannot be surrendered."

"Have you any views on the subject of literature?"

"Yes. I have done my best to stem the tide of new books, but to little purpose. I offered a certain novelist who shall be nameless, £10,000 a year to settle in Siberia, but he said he preferred the Isle of Man! What is one to do?"

MR. TREE, finding it impossible to "cut" *The Gordian Knot*, has given up the attempt, and also the play, as hopeless. "I am not ALEXANDER," he said.

GRAVE NEWS.

AN evening paper recently expressed the wish that CARLYLE could be resuscitated for half an hour, that he might express an opinion of the London Education Bill—presumably in the columns of our contemporary. By the courtesy of the Institute of Journalists (Acheron Lodge) we are in a position to make the following authoritative announcements of similar projected revivals:—

His late Majesty HENRY THE EIGHTH will in future conduct the Courtship and Marriage column of the *Woman at Home*.

We understand that Mr. GUY FAWKES is to take up the representation of the *Daily News* in the Press Gallery after the Whitsunside recess, and will give the Government a good blowing-up daily in the small hours.

Mr. JULIUS CÆSAR is to join the *Westminster Gazette* in the capacity of Army expert, and will contribute a series of articles critical of Mr. BRODRICK's Army Corps scheme.

Another interesting appointment of a similar character is that of M. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, who is to be attached to the staff of the *Daily Mail*. M. BONAPARTE obtained his new position through the influence of his distinguished patron, Lord ROSEBURY. It is doubtful, however, whether he will long retain the berth, as the remarkable likeness between himself and his employer is likely to lead to endless confusion.

It is characteristic of modern journalistic enterprise that, upon hearing of M. BONAPARTE's appointment, the *Daily Express* Marconied to secure the Iron Duke. His Grace will represent his journal on Salisbury Plain.

We are informed that the *Times* has engaged the services of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, and that in future the *Encyclopædia* advertisements will be written by the "eminent lexicographer."

Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE will shortly take up a lucrative position on the staff of *Household Words*. The appointment is a concession to his frequently expressed desire for mental intercourse with Mr. HALL CAINE, to whom he has constantly referred as the Master.

Americans in London will be interested to learn that Mr. GEORGE WASHINGTON, in view of a well-known incident in his early career, is about to become a member of the staff of *Truth*.



He. "DID YOU NOTICE THAT WOMAN WHO JUST PASSED?"

She. "WHAT, THE ONE WITH THE DYED HAIR AND FALSE TEETH, AND NASTY READY-MADE CLOTHES ON, ALL TIED UP WITH RIBBONS AND THINGS? NO, I DIDN'T NOTICE HER PARTICULARLY."

TRIALS.

THE OUT-OF-DOORS CIGAR.

DINED at SWAGRINGTON's last week, and as soon as the ladies had left the table my host gave me a cigar. It was about as long as an umbrella, but somewhat more stoutly built. I lit it, and then noticed that SWAGRINGTON was smoking one of quite a different style of architecture. Later on I could not help thinking that SWAGRINGTON "knew something."

After five minutes' smoking he said:—

"I want you to give me your opinion of that cigar. They tell me that it is impossible to get any more of them."

I was rather glad to hear this. Felt that one of these cigars, here and there (preferably there), would amply suffice me. Puffed on in silence for a few more minutes—then I let the thing go out.

My host, unluckily, noticed it, and said:—

"You want a light."

I didn't. But being of a yielding disposition I stifled a sigh, and re-lit the cigar.

SWAGRINGTON looked at me with thoughtful mien and puckered brow.

"Do you think they want keeping?" he asked.

I thought they wanted throwing away—but I didn't say so.

I smoked a little more of that cigar, and then, pensively gazing at its still massive proportions, faintly wondered if I should, in the ordinary course of things, finish it by breakfast time next morning, or whether it would last till lunch.

Ten minutes later, I began to feel rather clammy about the brow and finger-tips, and to speculate in a far-off dreamy way, as to whether I should finish the cigar or the cigar would finish me.

My host, with a deeply anxious air, began to interrogate me again, and I wished he wouldn't. Somehow or other I felt disinclined for conversation.

"I'm afraid you don't think much of it?" he said in disappointed tones.

I replied that, on the contrary, it was occupying all my thoughts.

"Perhaps," he went on, "it is only an out-of-door cigar, after all."

I should have called it an out-of-window cigar; but from politeness I agreed with him—which is more than the cigar did with me—and soon, very silently, I myself went out-of-doors—into the night.



AFTER FEEDING-TIME.

Showman of Travelling Menagerie. "NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE COME TO THE MOST INTERESTING PART OF THE 'OLE EXHIBITION! SEVEN DIFFERENT SPECIES OF HANIMALS, IN THE SAME CAGE, DWELLIN' IN 'ARMONY. YOU COULD SEE THEM WITH THE NAKED HEYE, ONLY YOU HAVE COME TOO LATE. THEY ARE ALL NOW INSIDE THE LION!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

["ANGELA.—Thanks so much for lovely flowers. For development of the neck and chest we should advise you to consult Mrs. (name and address supplied), "who obtains that result by wonderful breathing exercises. You cannot do better than take a course."—*Specimen taken from the "Free Lance."*]

DAINTYPET.—Poor little girlie! Your pathetic letter kept me awake all night. How tragic that an incipient excrescence should at length threaten your tender tootsicum. Your proposal to operate

with your own sweet little fruit-knife sounds plucky. But is it absolutely prudent? My friend Madame CHIRO, of 906, Cornwall Street, would be so glad to offer you a consultation. She is a good woman, my dear, and the mother of a family. So many thanks for the asparagus.

ROSALIND.—You alarm me! Though, of course, it is not certain that the six small hairs shown by the magnifying glass on your upper lip will lead to further trouble, prevention is always

better than cure. No, I do not like the idea of the razor treatment. Mrs. FOLLICLE, of 69, Folly Mansions, W., is quite a safe person in these matters. The new potatoes arrived safely, thank you, and are giving every satisfaction.

DOLLY DUMPLING.—By all means write to Messrs. BOLTEM AND BRISKET (their address is 2, Tripe Court, W.C.), quoting your own and Lady A.'s experience of their Anti-Indigestive Sausage Rolls. I understand that these thoughtful people have not raised the price, although their delectable dainty is in daily demand at the Duchess of D.'s and other aristocratic tables.

ELDEST MISS BLOSSOM.—Brandy and soda in the morning is certainly stimulating in this artificial society age, but having regard to the mulberry tinting you refer to it may be venturesome to persevere with so drastic a treatment. I have consulted a mineral-water specialist, Mr. FITZSPARKLET, of 43, Gazogene Grove, N.W., and he recommends modifying the treatment for a time by the absolute elimination of the alcoholic element. I understand that his firm make quite a reasonable allowance for all empty syphons and bottles. Thanks so much for promise of brace of pheasants! But are they quite in season?

NEWS FROM THE NEAR EAST.

(By Special Agramophone.)

["In spite of the disturbed condition of the town (Agram), Count Khuen-Hedervary, the Ban of Croatia, is taking daily walks. He is preceded on these occasions by gendarmes and surrounded by detectives."—*Morning Post*, May 23.]

SAY, gentle stranger, if you can,
Who is the world's least timid man?
Is it KHELAT's intrepid Khan,
The terror of the swart Afghan,
The scourge of bleak Baluchistan,
Whose banners wave from Ispahan
To Beersheba and also Dan?
Is it the Queen of Andaman?
Or YAMAGATA of Japan?
Or ROOSEVELT the American?
Or CAINE, the autocrat of Man?
Or Mr. PERKS the Wesleyan,
Defying BALFOUR from a van?
Or SHAW the vegetarian?

No, no, there is a braver man,
Built on an ampler, finer plan,
Compared with whom these men are
A terrible Croatian, [bran,
In point of fact, Croatia's Ban
(He has a name which doesn't scan).
Who when the streets of Agram ran
With blood, in part Dalmatian,
Turned not a hair beneath his tan,
But walked as usual to his Gran'
(A splendid centenarian),
Brave fellow! followed by a clan
Of p'lice and soldiers spick and span,
Lest any should forbid the Ban.



THE RACE OF DEATH!



PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. XI.

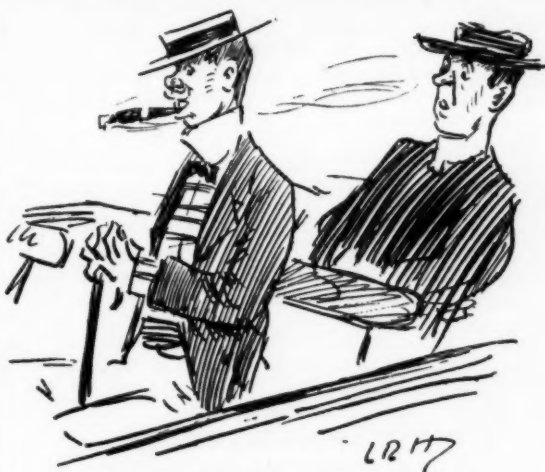
I MUST say the book looked very pretty. It had a light blue cover with little flames stamped all over it in gold, and in the middle of each little flame they had stuck a kind of spear. Then the title, *Iron in the Soul*, was printed right across in gold letters, and underneath it came the words I liked best, "by JOSHUA PASHLEY." When the parcel first arrived I opened it in a careless kind of way, just as if it might have been a new fender or a coal-scuttle, but when I saw these little light blue chaps all lying there so snug and tidy I couldn't help giving a jump. I took them out one after another and put them all round the room—on the table, on the mantelpiece and

on the brackets—in fact, wherever there was room for a book, and then I went out of the room and began to walk upstairs. Half-way up I stopped, as if I'd suddenly recollected I'd forgotten something, and shouted for the girl. "POLLY," I said, "I've left my keys on the parlour mantelpiece. Would you mind hopping in and getting them for me?" She seemed surprised, but she went in and I waited outside. I wanted to see what kind of an effect it would have on her to find I'd written a real book. She came out in half a minute. "Well, POLLY," I said, all of a tremble with excitement, "have you got the keys?"

"Keys!" she said, "there ain't no keys. The 'ole place is littered up with a lot of silly books. There ain't no room for a key, let alone a bunch, anywhere. Shall I tidy the books away?"

"Don't you dare to touch them, girl!" said I, and with that I marched on and left her. But of course you can't expect sense from the lower orders.

Well, I took three weeks' holiday after that, but I didn't go away to Yarmouth or Margate. I stayed quiet at home, so as to be able to give up all my time to reading the reviews of the book in the papers. CULPEPPER said that all the writing fellows would want to review a book like that. Being poetry made it easier for them, and they liked it better. I ordered in all the morning papers and all the evening papers and all the weekly ones I could lay my hands on, and every day I spent hours in looking them through, but it was so much trouble wasted. I couldn't find a word about *Iron in the Soul*. One morning, however, I got a letter from "The Press Cutting Syndicate," or some such name as that, offering to send me all extracts relating to me or my book for so much money down. There was a bit enclosed from *The Tutbury Sentinel and Market Overton Advertiser* which went like this: "Among the publications of the week we notice *Iron in the Soul*, by JOSHUA PASHLEY. Mr. PASHLEY is, we believe, a new poet. The book contains fifty poems of varying degrees of merit, and is tastefully bound." Come, thinks I to myself, this looks like business, so I sent them in my two guineas and waited for more. On the following day I got a letter from EMILY, which I think I'd better copy out for you, just to



ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

(One so seldom finds an Artist who realises the poetic conception.)

"O, MY OFFENCE IS BANK, IT SMELLS TO HEAVEN."

Hamlet, Act III, Sc. 3.

show you how all the finer feelings (that's how CULPEPPER put it) get lost when you marry a farmer and live in Essex:—

"MR. PASHLEY, DEAR SIR,—Your book to hand and much obliged for the same. My husband and me we think it is a bit of impertinence for you to write about me like that. You had your chance and lost it, and I'm thankful I married a man who can keep me and my family in comfort and not one who forgets himself by scribbling as some do. If this is poetry what are we coming to next? We are enjoying fine weather and the hay looks promising. We stick to our business and others should do the same.

"Your obedient

"EMILY PADLOW."

Poor thing! I pitied her and despised her husband.

Naturally you can't know about rhymes and poetry if you're always thinking of your hay crop.

Time went on, and for a fortnight or so nothing turned up from the Syndicate. Just as I was thinking of writing to ask for my money back I got a fat roll of cuttings from them. I tore it open and read the first, and that was quite enough for me. It was from a beastly paper I'd never seen before, called the *Prospect*, and this was what it said:—

"*Iron in the Soul*, by JOSHUA PASHLEY, is without exception the most ridiculous book we have ever had the good fortune to come across. We can promise any reader of it an hour or two of rollicking fun. Not that Mr. PASHLEY is intentionally funny: he is, as a matter of fact, in grim and deadly earnest. The paradox is that, though there is no single line in the book that is not dull, there is not one that is not amusing. Listen to this, from 'An Ode to my Soul':—

'Oh Soul,
Where do you hide?
Are you really in me—in my breast
Or my head or my side,
Or in some other part of my whole
Body? I cannot say for certain, and perhaps it's best
Not to be sure . . .'

Obviously MILTON and GRAY and WORDSWORTH must hide their diminished heads. The whole book is on this exalted plane of merit."

I just gave a glance at the rest of the cuttings. They were all on the same line, and I just tore them into little bits and chucked them into the fireplace. I wrote to the Syndicate and told them not to send me any more of their rubbish, and I hinted pretty plainly that I considered they'd done me in the eye. They sent me back an impudent letter, saying they couldn't undertake to guarantee praise, and there the matter dropped. When I went to see HART ABRAHAM, the publisher, a month later, he said he'd sold three copies, and began to be afraid he was going to lose money by me. Of course he wasn't in a position to hand any of my money back, but if I cared to publish anything else on the same terms he might be able to take it into consideration. However, I'd had enough of the job. Once a poet was quite sufficient for me.

READING BETWEEN THE MARRIAGE LINES.

(By a Recent Victim.)

ONE of the first troubles to be faced by the young wife is the difficulty of getting servants. It will be found that a cook is almost indispensable. Rather than be without one, take time by the forelock and, during the engagement, try the following advertisement (one is bound to offer additional attractions nowadays):—"Wanted, at once, a Good Plain Cook. If necessary, advertiser would be willing to make her a bridesmaid. Must be able to wear blue."

Or again:—"Newly married couple require Cook and Parlour Maid. All china, glass, &c., in house new and unused and never been broken before."

In taking a house, remember that it is absolutely necessary to have an attic—in which to place some of the presents. It is all very well to say that they can be put in the servants' hall, but it must not be forgotten that it is now very difficult to keep servants, even under the most favourable circumstances.

You cannot be too careful in giving instructions for your house decoration. "In the dining-room I think I would like a Dado," I said one day to the paper-man. The paper-man's face turned almost white at the suggestion. "You cannot, Sir," he said in a hushed voice, "*the Dado is extinct*." Then he explained that persons of taste have Friezes nowadays, both in summer and winter.

To avoid a rush at the end, it will be worth the bride's while to write out beforehand a large number of letters of thanks for wedding-presents. The most handy form is, "DEAR —, We both thank you so very much for your — present." When the present arrives you can fill in the missing word as circumstances require. On no account leave the blank.

Another happy form is, "DEAR —, Thank you so much for your charming and useful present. Please, what is it for?"

But beware of the following form, as some persons do not take it in the way in which it is meant, "DEAR —, Many thanks for your present. It is very good of you to have sent anything."

Nothing looks so solidly generous in the list of presents as the vague word, Cheque. Many mean people now send as a present a cheque for ten-and-six.

A novelty at wedding-receptions, and very *chic*, is to have in the present-room, in place of a detective, a parrot which has been trained to cry out every now and then, "Put that back! Put that back!"

Another novelty is to have a stall for the sale of duplicate articles.

The custom by which the bridegroom, on the night before the wedding, gives a farewell dinner to his bachelor friends is falling into desuetude. As a consequence one sees less frequently the announcement:—"On the — instant, by the Rev. Mr. —, assisted by the Rev. Mr. —, &c."

APOLOGETICS.

[The self-styled "HOMER of Modern Times" has just published *The Human Epic*, which he describes as "the Twelfth Epic Poem of the World," the *Georgics* being amongst the other eleven. The epoch-making work, which takes as its theme the "Life History of the Earth," is graced with an introduction which is here faithfully paraphrased.]

FROM babyhood my fancy's flights

Aspired to epic bays;

I diligently scorned delights,

And lived laborious days;

For though the *omne scibile*

Is difficult to know, it

Was quite the first—*me judice*—

Essential in a poet.

I studied from the break of day

Until my lamp burnt low,

And gradually grew *au fait*

In all there is to know;

I did not suffer any part

To set me at defiance,

In turn I tackled every art

And mastered every science.

This task of many years did last

Till one of even more

Began—in epic form to cast

The sum of human lore.

But now at length the end has come,

The book is penned; indeed, it

Is published at a modest sum,

And he who buys may read it.

Twelve epics now the world can boast,

And of the stately line

I scruple not to say the most

Instructive tome is mine.

And if the jaundiced critic try

A lower place to vote it,

How can he know so well as I,

Who actually wrote it?

Old Hellas had her HOMER, and

Great Britain boasts of me;

My *Human Epic* now shall stand

Where stood the *Odysey*.

The public are so dull and dense,

Without this plain instruction

They could not grasp the facts, and hence

My modest introduction.

AN ASTRONOMICAL TRUST.

[“Professor PICKERING, the well-known astronomer of Harvard Observatory, proposes the formation of an international astronomical trust.”—*Daily Paper*.]

THE cable reports regarding this latest and greatest triumph of American finance being unaccountably meagre, the public will, no doubt, be thankful for further enlightenment. The idea of an astronomical trust has been derived, beyond a doubt, from a case now before the Supreme Court of the United States. A western banker of a speculative turn of mind, being applied to for a considerable loan by an astronomer in reduced circumstances, advanced the money and accepted as security a mortgage on a comet that had been discovered by the scientist. When viewed through a powerful telescope the property seemed quite attractive, and as it was approaching our solar system at its top speed and wagging its tail in the most friendly manner there was every indication that it intended paying us a long visit. When the mortgage was foreclosed, however, it was found that the comet was travelling towards “the outer dark” as the crow flies, only inconceivably faster. The case being *sub judice* it is of course impossible to comment on its merits, further than to say that it naturally called attention to the possibility of adapting the sidereal universe to the purposes of high finance. The prospectus of the new trust presents the following attractive features:

1. The commercial exploitation of the Milky Way (with a view to superseding bacterial cow-butter and oleomargarine of doubtful chemical ancestry) on the toast and muffins of the world.

2. The management of spectacular eclipses, auroras, red sunsets, &c., by Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN, according to the most enlightened theatrical methods.

3. A proper control of the sun and moon so that people may not, like Mistress FORD, “burn daylight” without authority. Possible combination of the Standard Oil Company with stellar and solar light, together with the light that never was on sea or land.

4. The provision of proper facilities for people who wish, in EMERSON'S exquisite phrase, to “hitch their wagon to a star.”

5. The provision of soft places for falling stars to light on.

It is rumoured in well-informed circles that the expenses of the initial organisation will be borne by Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, who hopes that the Company will soon be in communication with the planet Mars. He is ambitious to present a library to the Martians, so that the red planet may be known in future as the well-read planet.

THE BITER BIT; OR, THE TURNING OF THE PARLIAMENTARY WORM.

A Suggestion for Enlivening the Proceedings of Parliament. Why should Ministers only be subjected to the ordeal of "Question-time?"



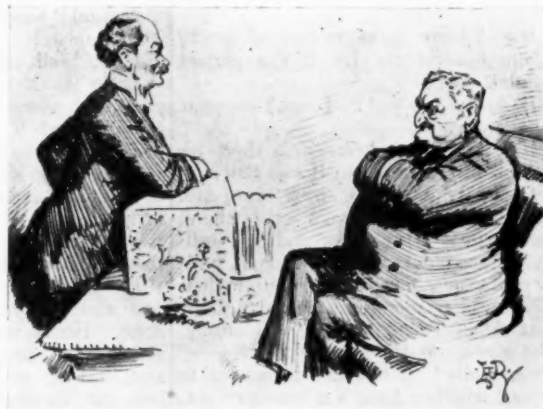
6. *Mr. George Wyndham.* To ask Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL if he will kindly consent to write for the assistance of the Government a treatise in detail covering all points of order, orderly demeanour, personal dignity and restraint in a representative Irish assembly, to be entitled "Decorum in the Forum;" and to state an approximate time in which the work may be expected to be in the hands of the Government. This question must not be taken as lending any colour to the rumour that the Government have a Home Rule Bill in contemplation, but merely as yet another proof of that intelligent anticipation for which Ministers are noted.



7. *Mr. Ritchie.* To ask Mr. JOHN MORLEY (as a Trustee of the British Museum) whether it is a fact that the Museum authorities, fired by the sporting innovations of their rival in solemnity—the *Times* newspaper, have awarded a sarcophagus, a genuine tiara, and some Egyptian mummy-wrappings to Mr. DUDLEY HARDY for the most striking and attractively Parisian poster-design to advertise their Bloomsbury establishment; and whether it is a fact that Mr. DAN LENO and Mr. GEORGE ROBEY have been engaged at a high figure to give racy afternoon addresses on Assyrian Low-Relief and Flint Implements in the Stone Age respectively.



8. *Mr. Austen Chamberlain.* To ask the hon. Member for Carnarvon (Mr. LLOYD GEORGE) if his attention has been drawn to the continued existence, apparently in good health, of certain prominent occupants of the Front Opposition Bench of notoriously patriotic tendencies, who openly assented to operations against the King's enemies which can only be described as offensive. If he is now able to fix a time and place for the public execution of these gentlemen, and whether seats will be provided for Members of that House and their families from which to view the ceremony.



9. *Mr. Graham Murray.* To ask Mr. JOHN REDMOND what disciplinary punishments are now in force in the Irish Nationalist Party for the following offences: 1st, that of acknowledging by word or look the earthly existence of Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY and of Mr. JASPER TULLY; 2nd, of failing to preserve an expression of pained respectability and studied oblivion during the speeches of those gentlemen; 3rd, of neglecting to sit forward with every sign of animated and affectionate enthusiasm during the speeches of Irish landlords and Unionist Ministers; and whether he can state in how many cases these superhuman acts of self-repression may be expected to terminate fatally.

SOME EMOTIONS BUT NO MORAL.

Lady Angleby (mother of pretty *débutante*). Really! It's positively painful. It ought to be stopped.

Elderly Countess (with no daughters). Eh, what? Tooth hurtin'? Have it out, my dear. Or try mind healin'. It's very expensive, but SUSAN SOUTHWATER tells me—

Lady A. Oh, SUSAN! She's always got some bee in her bonnet. Though how any self-respecting bee could! But I wasn't talking about teeth. It's this wretched paper. Listen to this. "One of the prettiest *débutantes* I saw was Miss NORA ANGLEBY, whose mother, Lady ANGLEBY, was wearing nothing but a string of pearls—"

E. C. Have 'em up for libel, my dear. I wouldn't stand it.

Lady A. "—nothing but a string of pearls with her white frock, and looking so delightfully young. Everyone was saying that they might be sisters." Isn't it too silly?

E. C. H'm! I dunno. You do look youngish sometimes. As for the frock—don't you think it was a *leette* too—for the part, you know?

Lady A. Oh, did you think so? It's the way they are cutting them this year for girls. But don't you think they ought to be pulled up?

E. C. The frocks, my dear, or the dressmakers, or the girls?

Lady A. No, no, the editors. I'm in this wretched rag week after week.

Mrs. Thrope (also mother of pretty *débutante*). So am I. It's a perfect scandal.

Lady A. Are you? I don't see your name anywhere.

Mrs. T. If you look—isn't there an account of the Hershman House Ball?

Lady A. Oh, yes, here you are. "Mrs. THROPE, who goes everywhere, was in great good looks and her well-known magenta frock." You'll have to get a new one, darling, after that. "She was chaperoning her daughter, Miss ANNE THROPE, another *débutante*, who was quite the beauty of the—"

Well, really! What can it matter to anyone whether ANNE's a beauty or not, poor darling!

Mrs. T. She did look rather sweet, didn't she?

Lady A. What? Oh, ah, yes. Quite pretty, I thought. But to have it put in print like that for any DICK, TOM or HARRY to read! It does away with all the privacy of life.

E. C. Who does read it—besides you two?

Mrs. T. Who? The suburbs, of course. SUSAN tells me the circulation in Bayswater is perfectly enormous.



MERELY A SUGGESTION.

IN CASE PANAMA HATS ARE ALL THE RAGE AGAIN THIS SUMMER.

Of course I only get it to read her things.

Lady A. So do I. Not that they are worth reading. They always seem to me to be so *banale*.

Mrs. T. Yes, aren't they? And so absolutely without point.

E. C. What makes 'em print 'em, then?

Lady A. Oh, money, of course. Her money. It's the root of all her idylls. She'd pay anything they asked to get them published.

E. C. H'm! Did she tell you so?

Lady A. My dear, of course not. But I happen to—oh, do listen to this. I do think they might draw the line somewhere. It wouldn't be so bad if they would keep it select. But really! That woman!

E. C. Well, who is it?

Lady A. Mrs. JUDESHEIM! A whole paragraph about her and her diamonds. Her diamonds!

Mrs. T. Not the Bridge woman?

Lady A. Positively, my dear, though one would have thought after that last little *exposé*—

Mrs. T. Well, really! I wonder who they'll put in next!

E. C. Anyone, my dear EDITH—anyone who'll pay. That's the way it's done. SUSAN wants to dispose of her articles, and, accordin' to you, she pays, and in they go. Mrs. Whatsername has got daughters and she wants to dispose of them. So, she pays, and in they go. Quite simple, ain't it?

Lady A. Oh, but I'm sure you are wrong.

Mrs. T. I don't think you can be right. We haven't come to that yet.

E. C. You haven't, my dear, of course. You buy the paper because you—have to read SUSAN's articles. Never do myself. Hate readin' articles, specially by people I know. But that's just the difference between you two and this JUDESHEIM woman. She likes to see her

name in print. And then, her husband's a business man, and she knows the value of a good advertisement.

Lady A. I can't believe it.

E. C. Well, we'll ask SUSAN when she comes. She knows all about it. She ought to be—ah, here she is. How do, my dear?

Lady Susan Southwater (enters hurriedly). You dear people. I am so ashamed. I simply had to finish my article for next week, and it wouldn't come.

Lady A. We were just talking about your articles. I particularly liked that last one in to-day's paper.

Mrs. T. So did I. But I think—no, I don't like it quite as well as the one last week. That was too delightful. So witty.

Lady S. Glad you liked it. Well, are we going to cut for partners?

E. C. In a minute. But we want to ask you about this old rag of yours. Do people pay to have their names in it?

Lady S. Tradespeople? They do, of course.

E. C. No, no. Ordinary people like us.

Lady S. Oh, well—but what makes you ask?

Lady A. Well, the fact is, EDITH and I don't like the way they will put our names in, and we were just saying that; and then to read a paragraph about that Mrs. JUDESHEIM actually, and the whole thing seemed so vulgar, and we were wondering whether anyone really did pay.

Lady S. Oh, but my dear, of course they do, though only the Editor knows who. But if you like I'll talk to him about you two, and say that you would prefer not to have your names—

Lady A. Oh, please no, it really isn't worth it. No, as far as I am concerned personally—

Mrs. T. It seems to me it would be a pity to make a fuss about it. After all, it doesn't do one any harm. So please don't trouble, darling.

Lady S. My dear, it's no trouble. I shall be seeing him this evening, anyhow. So I'll just tell him—

Lady A. I beg that you will do nothing of the kind. I particularly dislike asking favours from people of that class. Don't you think we might begin our rubber?

Lady S. Perhaps that would be the best solution. Unless you like to pay him not to put your names in. You might do that, you know—for a change.

Lady A. You don't mean to imply—

Lady S. My dear, not for worlds! Some do, and some don't. But of course you and EDITH—

E. C. Don't! Let's cut.

[They cut for partners in silence.]

OUR PARLIAMENTARY AUTHORS.

["It will be news to most people that the composing of verses is the favourite recreation of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. The Opposition Leader, however, is modest as to his productions, and rarely permits his friends to see them."—*Evening News*.]

Mr. *Punch* has made careful investigations, and has discovered that a large number of Members devote their leisure time to authorship.

Mr. GERALD BALFOUR has published, for private circulation only, a little scientific treatise on *How Bowls damage the Green, with a new theory as to the probable bias of Bowls*.

LORD LANSLOWNE has written a pamphlet for the Geographical Society on *The Site of the Ancient City of Bagdad*. It contains a striking refutation of the old theory that the Garden of Eden was situated in that locality.

SIR JOHN GORST has in preparation a volume of poems called *Poppyland*.

We understand that it is to be dedicated to Lord Cross and the Duke of Devonshire—"two former respected chiefs, whose soothing eloquence has often seemed to the writer to partake of the influence of that soporific plant."

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT has also taken advantage of his relief from onerous Parliamentary duties to write a small volume on botany. It is to be entitled *The Last Phase of the Primrose, a Study in Vegetable Decadence*.

LORD ROSEBERY's recent visit to Naples has had unexpected fruit. It is hinted that the noble Earl will shortly read a paper before the Royal Society on *The Causation of Tides*. From observations on the tides the distinguished author has formed the theory that The Flowing Tide is attributable to the subtle influence of the planet Mars.

Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER is understood to be writing a diary (to be called *Pepys into the Future*) in imitation of a former Secretary of the Admiralty. A fragment picked up by a colleague on the Government Bench read, "Sir WILLIAM ALLAN spake in the most saucy, base language regarding the Belleville boiler, but I began our defence most acceptably and smoothly, and continued at it without any hesitation or loss. All my fellow officers did cry up my speech as the best thing they ever heard; which was pretty to observe."

In addition to the writers mentioned



QUITE A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

Cottager. "WHAT'S WRONG, BIKER? HAVE YOU HAD A SPILL?"

Biker. "OH, NO. I'M HAVING A REST!"

above, several members recreate themselves by contributing to the Press. Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY is understood to write the Court and Society Notes for the *Daily Mail*; under the pseudonym of "Nat Gubbins," Mr. SAMUEL SMITH contributes a weekly column to the *Sporting Times*; and it will be a surprise to many readers to find that the mellifluous columns signed "T. P." in the sprightly Society journal "*M.A.P.*" are from the pen of Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR. Mr. O'CONNOR's friends are of opinion that he only requires more experience to make his mark as a journalist.

AUTOMOBILE LEGISLATION.

SOME statements as to the views of automobilists on motor-car legislation have recently appeared, and it is said that a Bill embodying these opinions will shortly be introduced into Parliament. There is reason to believe that the following regulations would much more accurately represent the views of the majority of automobilists:—

No person shall ride, drive, or in any other manner proceed along any public road, street, or thoroughfare whatever, except in a motor-car. Any person disobeying this regulation will be smashed, together with his vehicle, animal, or other means of conveyance. Private roads may still be used for

these purposes, provided that the rights of automobilists are in no way interfered with thereby.

No person shall walk, run, sit, lie, or in any other manner be in or on any public road, street, or thoroughfare whatever, or at the edge thereof. Any person disobeying this regulation will be cut to pieces. Field paths and footways, other than those adjoining a road, may still be used, with due regard to the rights of automobilists wherever such paths may approach a roadway.

Any police constable or other person, official or otherwise, endeavouring to check the progress of a motor-car, or to ascertain the names or addresses of the occupants, shall be cut to pieces, shall be dismissed from his official position, if any, and shall be fined not less than ten pounds.

Any person who, from the shelter of a house or other substantial building, shall speak or shout derisively or abusively to any automobilist,

shall be liable to imprisonment for six months with hard labour.

All country roads shall be constantly watered by motor water-carts at the expense of the ratepayers. Similarly all obstructions to rapid progress or turning of corners, such as trees, lamp-posts, pillar letter-boxes, milestones, houses, churches, farm buildings, rocks, cliffs, hills or haystacks, shall be removed at the expense of the ratepayers, or by a grant of money to be voted by Parliament if the ratepayers should become absolutely impecunious.

In return for the trifling benefit of these regulations, automobilists would be willing to make the following very important concessions:—

Any driver of a motor-car proceeding along a public thoroughfare at a greater speed than one hundred miles an hour, and thereby constituting himself a danger to other automobilists, shall, on conviction, be severely censured by the magistrates, and on a repetition of the offence, if arrested and also convicted, shall be fined a sum not exceeding half-a-crown.

No automobilist shall wilfully proceed along any public thoroughfare in such a manner as to cause danger or inconvenience to himself or the other occupants of his car, provided always that this regulation shall put no limit to speed other than that in the last paragraph.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



OR the latest volume forming part of the Biographical Edition of the works of CHARLES DICKENS now being issued by Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL, containing the *Collected Papers*, all Dickensians will be specially grateful, taking us back as it does to the very earliest days of his literary career, when he was writing *Sketches of Young Gentlemen*, of *Young Couples*, starting different series, and being illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. In this same volume are included prefaces to many of his novels, his Editorial addresses, and his article, *In Memoriam*, on THACKERAY, which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* for February, 1864. This would nowadays, I suppose, be styled "an appreciation," and it was a Dickensian appreciation of THACKERAY. The task was forced upon him, as it seems to the Baron, though of course he did his best generously and loyally, as a tribute which it would be most becoming in him to pay to the great novelist whom the public considered his rival, and as a duty which he, however reluctantly, was expected to undertake. The detached papers, that go to fill up the space that unfinished *Edwin Drood* fails to occupy, are of the greatest interest, and will doubtless be quite new to many lovers of DICKENS, as also will be the *Sketches*.

Thanks largely to *Lorna Doone*, Exmoor is as attractive to the ordinary Englishman as to the Devonian it is dear. Much has been written about the Royal forest by writers whose works are more costly and less accessible than BLACKMORE'S. Of these Mr. SNELL has availed himself in preparing *A Book of Exmoor* (METHUEN). He brings to the task addition of the indispensable local knowledge and hereditary enthusiasm, without which it would be a failure. The result is a charming and valuable work, illustrated by many photogravures taken on sweet spots in and near the Forest.

In daintily-bound volumes that will go comfortably into the jacket pocket, Messrs. NEWNES publish the two incomparable Diaries, *Pepys'* and *Evelyn's*; or should we put it, *Evelyn's* and *Pepys'*? That is a matter for individual taste. My Baronite is happy with either, not wishing t'other charmer away. Thanks to the magic power of the India paper used for the printing, volumes which in the original edition were almost uncomfortably portly reproduce the whole of the matter in legible type, in size measurable by inches, and in weight by the half-ounce. *Pepys' Diary* is a reproduction of the original edition by Lord BRAYBROOKE, done at "Audley End, May 14th, 1825." It tells again how the diary, comprehending six volumes closely written in shorthand, was bequeathed by Mr. PEPPYS to Magdalen College, Cambridge. Long the treasure trove lay unsuspected. Lord BRAYBROOKE's brother being appointed Master, he looked into the volumes, had their contents deciphered, and endowed the world with one of the most priceless treasures in its literature. The *Evelyn Diary*, edited by WILLIAM BRAY, first saw the light in 1818. It was written in a very small close hand, in a quarto volume containing seven hundred pages. Its story commences in 1641, and is continued to within three weeks of EVELYN's death, which is recorded on the 27th of February, 1705-6. As in the original edition, the quaint spelling of the time is preserved.

Burdett's Hospitals and Charities (The Scientific Press) is in its fourteenth year, and is, more completely than ever, the Hospital Annual it claims to be. Information about Hospitals, at home and abroad, is given with painstaking fullness, whilst a series of preliminary chapters, containing matter wholly new, reviews the chief questions pressing for

settlement in every group of the Institutions that fill the field of charity. With this volume in his possession no one desirous of distributing surplus funds in manner best calculated to benefit man or womankind can go wrong in selecting appropriate channels.

The Life of Sir George Grove (MACMILLAN) has been admirably written without fear or favour by Mr. C. L. GRAVES, and this, too, in spite of his own candid admission that, loving the man as he did, and as did everyone who had the slightest acquaintance with him, he found it impossible to "approach the task in a spirit of judicial impartiality." Mr. GRAVES is as "honest" a "chronicler" to GEORGE GROVE as was the just and generous GRIFFITH to WOLSEY. He has made excellent use of the mass of material at hand for the work, and has so adjusted the lights and shades of his picture as to bring the very man before us in his habits and manners as he lived and worked; for from beginning to end GEORGE GROVE was indefatigable, not so much working to live, though this was a necessity, but living to work and to do his very best with whatever he put his hand to. The anecdotes scattered about the book are capitally told, and we find ourselves in the best of company among most interesting personalities throughout. It is one of the very best biographies the Baron has read for many a day.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A PASSING FANCY.

"ONLY a Nurse!" But such a pretty one,
The very kind to which to make a verse,
Demure and delicate, half rogue, half nun—
"Only a Nurse!"

And I with naught in person or in purse
By your sweet eyes am helplessly undone.
Yet those red lips were never meant to curse
My bold presumption, so, since I've begun,
Why not be mine for better (or for worse),
And nurse me ill (or well)? No more—what fun!—
Only a Nurse!

THE COMPETITION DAY BY DAY.

THE following advertisement appears in the *Athenæum*:—
TIMES' COMPETITION, Rule 10.—PROFESSIONAL READER with Two University Degrees, is WILLING to RENDER ASSISTANCE.—Write, &c., &c.

Such a lead cannot fail to produce others, such as:—

TIMES' COMPETITION. EGG QUESTION.—Provision Merchant, thirty years in Leadenhall Market, is prepared to assist competitors in the Egg Question. Eggspert knowledge.

TIMES' COMPETITION. ELECTRIC LIGHT QUESTION.—American Millionaire, with time on his hands and vast electrical knowledge, would like to assist competitors in this question for a few minutes a day.—Address, Y., Hotel Cecil.

TIMES' COMPETITION. REST CURE.—A few vacancies for INMATES are still open in one of the most highly successful and well-spoken-of of these establishments. Special wing for Competitors.

TIMES' COMPETITION. TO CHIROPODISTS.—Advertiser, a retired Chiropodist, who has since taken to literature (author of *Life of Foote*; *A Treatise on the Corn Laws*; *Bunyan Explained*, &c., &c.), is prepared once more to face the footlights as *locum tenens* of members of his late profession who are competing for the *Times'* prizes.—Address, T.O.E., Boot's Library, Runcorn.